RACING SKYWARD.

An Elevator Contest Both Thrilling and Novel.

TAKES YOUR BREATH AWAY.

An Exciting Addition to the Ups and Downs of Life.

An elevator race is one of the most exciting sports in the world. It is a very modern form of sport, and is only indulged in by a limited number of persons. It is, in short, more of a luxury than horse or yacht racing. Those who have tried it claim an elevator race is the most exciting of sports of the world.

This curious sport has been carried on only during the past few years. The modern sky-scraping buildings, with their long drawn out elevator shafts, of course, form the only possible race track, or rather race shaft, to be found. The sport is most exciting when a race can be carried on for a considerable distance. The distance from the ground floor or basement to the top of these buildings is equal in many cases to rather more than an ordinary city block. This, it will be seen, gives the elevator men a very satisfactory race course. They have ample room for a start, a straightaway spin, and a homestretch.

There is probably not one of the very high buildings in the city in which these races have not been run. The best record is held on the elevator in the American Tract Society building, at Nassau and Spruce streets. Good time has also been made in the Manhattan Life building and the Equitable building.

One may compare a wild rush skyward and then toward the ground in one of the metal cages with a bicycle race, a horse race, or a contest between No. 999 or any other monster machine on our great transcontinental railroad lines. To the average business man, who uses the elevators in our modern office buildings, the idea of a race between two of these cars is preposterous, but the fact remains.

The majority of people who are not familiar with elevators suppose that such an unusual pastime would be dangerous, from the fact that the operators would be unable to stop their cars at the top and at the bottom. But really there is no danger that such a catastrophe could happen, as all the elevators in modern buildings are so constructed that they shut off automatically, both at the top and at the bottom of the shaft. Having been informed that elevator employes occasionally amuse themselves by running races up and down the shaft after the early rush was over, and after making the acquaintance of an elevator starter in one of the large downtown buildings, who has charge of all the elevator men and their cars, and upon whom the good service of the elevators depends, a Journal reporter received an invitation to participate in one of these novel contests.

As the hour between 6 and 7 o'clock p. m. is the only one during the day in which travel in the cars is in any way light, it was chosen for the time of contest. Cars Nos. 1 and 2 were selected as the contestants. At the word "Go!" both cars jumped upward simultaneously. As a result a passenger found himself on his knees on the floor of the car. Before he had regained his feet by his own efforts the car had reached the top of the shaft and stopped so suddenly that the momentum of his body brought him to his feet. Quicker than it takes to describe, or even think about, the car had begun to descend, and a feeling similar to a violent attack of seasickness seized the hapless passenger.

Looking through the wire sides, car No. 2 could be seen riding or sliding "neck and neck" with No. 1. No perceptible difference was apparent in their positions until within fifty feet of the bottom of the shaft, when the man in charge of No. 2, being somewhat timid, partially slowed up.

The man in No. 1, not having the least bit of timidity in his composition, did not even glance at the lever in the car. Number 1 surged slightly ahead of No. 2, and reached the bottom about three seconds in advance. A scarcely perceptible jar announced the fact that the novel race was at an end.

A stop watch, held by an employe of the building, recorded seventeen seconds as the time of car No. 1, while No. 2 was three seconds slower. The shaft is 280 feet in length—up and down it would make 536 feet. Allowing three seconds for the stop at the top of the shaft, the trip was made at the rate of two minutes and twenty seconds for a mile.

In all the larger downtown office buildings, races between elevator men are quite frequent, but upon no occasion have they attained such a high rate of speed as that attained by car No. 1, whose trip has been described. No restriction is placed upon the speed of the cars other than that of the building authorities. No accidents have happened as yet, and it is quite likely that none will, as the well-managed modern elevator is as safe as a parlor chair.

A GOAT'S QUEER HOME.

Little Billee Dwells at the Top of a Sky-Scraper—Tried Suicide, but Failed—One Animal Practically Off the Earth.

The only goat in the world who makes his home on the top of a sky-scraper lives in New York.

The roof of the new Tract Society building at Nassau and Spruce streets serves as a home and pasturage for this interesting animal. This is undoubtedly the highest pastureage lot in the city. Little Billee moved up to his lofty home some two month ago and has lived there ever since. He is a home-keeping goat and never roams abroad. This unusual site for a goat residence has many things to recommend it. Billee may enjoy the sunlight all day long, there being no building to overshadow him. The ventilation is, besides, all that he desires.

Little Billee is owned by the children of the janitor of that building, who have many romps up there with their pet, and a small house has been erected for Billee's especial benefit. He has grown quite proficient in walking around the walls of the huge building, that extend up above the roof over four or five feet. When the janitor moved into the building it bothered him as to how Billee was to be taken to his new quarters on the roof. After much deliberation, it was decided to take him up the twenty-one floors in one of the elevators. He was therefore put in one of the cars and given a ride, which must have astonished his goatship beyond measure.

Up-to-date Little Billee is the only goat on record who has experienced a ride on a modern office building elevator. For a long time he could not get used to such a high elevation, and came within an ace of committing suicide several times in his attempt to get down to the street level. In these efforts he was defeated by the watchfulness of the employes of the building. After several attempts it was decided to keep him tied. This was done for a few days. When released, however, he immediately made a rush for the side of the building, and would have soon made an end of himself had it not been for the janitor.

Evil-minded detractors of the pet of the hearts of the children of the janitor have been moved to declare that he is one of the two who joined Noah in the seasick party on board the good boat Ark, but this rumor may be authoritatively denied. Had Billee been a pig he might have passed for a close connection of Ham, but as it is he has no claim for pension money through the Flood.

SHE FELL SIX STORIES.

Miss Plummer Describes Her Sensations.

EACH SECOND LIKE A YEAR.

Choked by an Invisible Hand and Seemingly Under Fearful Weight.

Beatrice Plummer is probably the most extraordinary young woman living at present on Manhattan Island. She fell last week from a six-story window, and not alone lives to tell the tale, but is recovering so rapidly from the slight injury she sustained that the doctors at the Manhattan Hospital expect to have her up and out again in a very few days, none the worse for her awful aerial flight.

What are the sensations of a person who falls as Miss Plummer fell?

She alone in all the world can tell, for, as far as known, no one else has ever gone through a similar experience and lived.

To a reporter for the Sunday Journal the young woman described her emotions and sensations from the moment that she fell until consciousness was restored.

The building at which the girl met with the accident is located at the corner of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Manhattan avenue. It is known as the Monterey apartment house and occupies the entire block fronting on One Hundred and Fourteenth street.

Beatrice, who is nineteen years old, was employed as a domestic in the family of J. Macruder, who has apartments on the sixth floor. She was washing windows and was perched upon the window sill, balancing herself with one hand, while she scrubbed the pane vigorously with the other. She sat outward, with her back turned toward the street.

Mrs. Macruder, after watching the girl for a while, became nervous and cautioned her to be very careful lest she fall. Beatrice, who had been doing that sort of thing all her life without thought of fear or danger, laughed carelessly and said:

"Don't be afraid of me; there is no danger. I've cleaned windows this way since I was a child of nine."

Scarcely had she spoken, when, in turning slightly in order to reach one of the upper panes of glass, the hand with which she supported herself slipped and she lost her balance. Mrs. Macruder jumped forward to catch her, but she was too late. The girl fell backward from the sill, and plunged into space. Her body turned several times, struck a projecting corner on the first floor, bounded in the air again, and finally fell with crushing force on the grass, just inside the iron fence which surrounds the building.

The window where she had been employed is just on the corner, and in falling she had gone so far out of the straight line that her body when it landed was on the Manhattan avenue side. Every one, of course, supposed she was dead. An ambulance came rattling up and carried her off to the hospital, where the doctors worked for several hours to restore her to her senses.

To their amazement, they found that no bones had been broken. The spot where the girl landed is covered with soft turf, and this probably saved her from instant death, for had she fallen on the flagstones of the sidewalk, nearly all the bones in her body must have been shattered. As it was, the doctors found that she was suffering from shock and from internal injuries, the exact nature of which have not as yet been determined, but which cannot be of a very serious nature, for she is getting along splendidly. The principal damage is the result of the shock to her nerves, from which she is rapidly recovering.

When seen at the hospital the young girl looked abnormally pale. Otherwise, however, she showed no trace of the fearful peril through which she had passed. Though still weak and trembling, Beatrice consented readily enough to tell what she could of her experience.

"I remember my hand slipping, and then how I grabbed into space in a vain effort to sustain myself from falling. I reached the bricks around the window casing, but they were slippery and my hands did not hold. Then I felt myself going over backward. It was a terrible sensation—horrible! It makes me shudder now to think or it, though all is over."

"What was it like?"

"Well, as though I was being choked by some hand, the pressure of which I could not feel upon my throat. I gasped and struggled for breath, just as I suppose people do who drown. That is pretty much how I felt—as if I was tumbling into a great, deep ocean, and couldn't breathe. It seemed to me that I went down, and down, and down, forever and forever. The pain grew less, for the choking had caused me pain—terrible pain. The doctors say that it could not have been more than a second or two before I struck the ground, but to me it seemed hours, and all that while a terrible weight seemed to be pressing down on me. My chest was crushed, or felt as though it was crushed, and my breath came in gasps.

"And while I was falling the second or two seconds that intervened before I reached the ground, my whole life seemed to flash before me. I saw my mother as she was when I was a little girl, and my playmates, and I thought of all the wrong things that I had done. I don't think I ever lost consciousness until I struck the ground, though I seemed to pass out of this life almost the instant that I plunged backward.

"Even the pain that was on me and that oppressed my chest and made it so hard to breathe was not like ordinary pain. It seemed to be far off. In fact, I seemed to be about the same, but it did not appear to really be in my body. Then, all of a sudden, this sinking, sinking, sinking stopped, and I felt as though somebody had hit me on the head with a huge hammer, a hammer that weighed tons, and that crushed my head down through my body and splintered and shivered all my bones. From what they have since told me, I suppose that was when I struck the corner of the building at the first story.

"I know what it is to die, I am sure. For when this hammer blow came everything turned black and I knew nothing more. But even then, when I struck, the pain, terrible as it was, was not the sort of pain that I would feel if you were to strike me now with a hammer. It was a terrible, dull, crushing sort of pain, and like the other pains that I felt, seemed, despite all its torture and terror, far away.

"When I think of it now it makes me all weak, and I tremble and shake. It is the hardest thing in the world to describe. Still harder is it to describe what I felt when I became unconscious. It didn't seem to be a sudden blotting out. I seemed to feel for several minutes, yes, for a quarter of an hour, the terrible crushing sensation, though of course it couldn't have been more than a second or two. And the blackness, the fading out of the loss of consciousness seemed to steal over me gradually, slowly, so slowly that I could feel it getting worse and worse, and my mind soaring up and away farther and farther.

"Of course, I never knew when I struck the grass, for I have no sensation after the first blow, which the doctors say must have been when I came in contact with the corner jutting out. The strangest thing to me now is to realize that all the feelings that I have tried to describe to you that came upon me after I struck must have passed over me between the time that I struck the corner and the time I landed on the grass inside the rail.

"Yes, I am very happy now to think that I escaped with my life, for, of course, I don't know what would have happened to me in the other life. But I was certainly not unhappy or uncomfortable, or in any distress while I remained unconscious. I felt just as people feel who sink into a dreamless sleep."

THE STUDY OF EARS.

Sermons in Them and Sure Signs of Character.

NO TWO EARS ARE ALIKE.

Every Man's Traits Exposed by Their Size, Shape and Situation.

By a man's ears shall he be known. There is probably no better index of character than the ear, and those who are skilled in this sort of character reading declare that by your ears they can tell whether you are foolish, high-minded or mean, philanthropic or criminal, religious or democratic, musical or from Chicago.

It is true that the path of these character readers has been somewhat obstructed of late by the mistaken zeal of certain "face menders," who, in order to make a man "handsome," will think nothing of sewing up his mouth so that it shall be smaller, or of lopping off a part of the bridge of his nose, or of flattening a pair of recalcitrant ears close to the head, or of otherwise interfering with the work of a wise Providence. Owing to these changes, artificially purchased, some embarrassing mistakes have been made by phrenologists and others, who have unwittingly taken a clergyman for a pugilist, simply because his ears clung tightly to the sides of his head, the reason for this being that they had been cut and stuck in that position. Under normal conditions they protruded like the sail of a boat going with the wind.

It is very seldom that you will see two ears just alike. Perhaps Nature intended us originally to have perfect ears, perfectly situated. A perfectly balanced ear lies with its centre at the point of intersection of the two axes of the head, the first axis being drawn straight up and down, and the second horizontally. But owing to certain changes in environment and to the processes of evolution and the idiosyncrasies of Dame Nature herself, our ears have all become different. Probably not one out of a thousand has a really beautiful ear, if it should be analyzed by an expert. It is a great good fortune that many of us can cover our ears with our hair. Not one ear in ten thousand is perfect.

The perfect ear should be of moderate size and shaped somewhat like an average oyster shell. The lobe should not be too long, nor too short, and the organ, as a whole, should lie fairly close to the head. A good length for an ear of a man of moderate size is two inches and a quarter. For a woman it should be not over two inches. The upper edge should not project from the head more than half an inch. An inch and a quarter from the aperture of the ear canal to the outer edge of the cartilaginous exterior organ, measuring horizontally, is about right.

It has been observed that men who have large ears are apt to have large features and large legs and arms. Thus it follows that those who have large ears need not feel discouraged, provided they can show a proportionate largeness of other parts of the body. but a person with a large ear and a small face, small eyes, small nose, small body, small legs and small feet, is not to be tolerated. He may become a great man, an honorable man, a man of benefit to the world, but he can never hope to be beautiful.

The cars shown in the accompanying illustration prove at once the statement that no two ears are alike. Nature appears to possess an infinite abundance of these organs, and each individual draws a different prize, though, to be sure, they are all ears.

A good-looking ear does not necessarily bespeak a good character. Von Moltke, the famous Prussian General, may fairly be taken as the type of what a soldier should be in both mental and physical constitution, yet his ear was not a thing of beauty. The ear in the picture is a modified form of Von Moltke's ear. It was very thin, from the inside to the outside—just a mere shell, but the "cup" part, leading to the canal, was very deep. The lobe was unusually long.

Compared with the prize-fighter's ear, it is strikingly long. Both ears are those of fighters, yet they do not indicate the same temperament.

The soldier's ear shows prudence, determination, thought and courage. The pugilist's shows combativeness. It lies close to the head, so that when the head is turned, with its back toward you, you scarcely see any ear at all. It is a good ear to fight with when you have to fight with your fists, but when you are required to control and to direct large bodies of men, plan battles and marches and sieges, it would, perhaps, be better to have an ear like Von Moltke's.

There is somewhat of a resemblance between the prize-fighter's and the religious ear, but this does not necessarily show a similarity of character. The prize-fighter's ear clings more closely to the head and is smaller. It is, perhaps, true that the clerical ear, in these days of reform, when there are so many devoutly energetic clergymen, is beginning to indicate certain traits of character closely allied to similar traits of the pugilist.

The ear of the self-made man should be carefully studied, for it is a pretty good type, as it should be, of the American ear. It is a strong ear, an ear with no nonsense about it. It has a generous look, and is a fine ear to hear with and to assert one's self with. If you will now compare it with the scientist's ear, you will readily mark the difference. The former is aggressive, independent, the latter is abstractive and retiring.

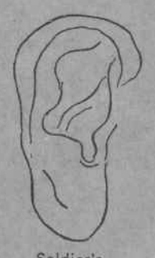
Neither of these ears bears any resemblance to the philanthropist's ear, which is rather eccentric, as are philanthropists themselves, usually. Indeed, philanthropy itself, it is said to say, is an eccentricity in these times, when coal trusts and bond syndicates and poorly lighted elevated cars have placed their firm grip on the poor man's throat.

The Darwinian ear will be at once recognized by all scientists. The striking feature of this ear is the point, which is all that remains to us of the former sharp, long point, so familiar in the ear of the donkey. Some persons have the "Darwinian tubercle," as it is called, more strongly developed than others, but they should not, for that reason alone, assume that they are nearer to being donkeys than other persons who do not possess the point.

The Indian ear is, perhaps, the best of the whole lot to hear with. It stands out widely from the skull, and points forward, much like the ear of a horse when he hears a sound ahead. The Indian has a great reputation for hearing, and, if we may judge from the appearance of his external ear, he fully deserves it.

The musical ear is from a photograph of a celebrated musician. The artist's ear is a composite of several artistic ears, all bearing a close resmblance to each other.

Prize Fighter's.



Soldier's.

Religious.

Scientific.

Artistic.

Musical.

Self-Made Man's.

Indian.

Darwinian.

Philanthropic.

A WEEK'S QUEER TOPICS.

Depicted for Us by the Artist's Pencil.

WE MAY RULE THE CLOUDS.

Texts for Burglars, Theatre Hats, Japanese Servants and Lord Dunraven.

Much has happened during the past week that is worthy of the attention of the observer of human nature and of the pencil of a Sunday Journal artist. Indeed, there is never a week that is not so distinguished, which fact is easily to be ascertained by thought or the purchase of a newspaper.

The world is continually going round and has performed this great function seven times during the week. The thoughtless person would pass over this fact at a matter of course, but in truth it has just gained a new and sensational interest from an invention which is described elsewhere in this publication.

The invention will make it possible for us to let the earth do the travelling, while we wait for the end of our journey to come round to us. We shall go up in the air and stay there and the earth will move round as usual, and when the place at which we wish to be is under us we shall come down. This makes the continuous rotation of the earth on its own axis a very intelligible and useful performance.

At the same time by navigating the atmosphere we shall be able to study the weather and eventually perhaps to control it. Then we shall forsee or prevent such occurrences as those of the past week which have turned us into icicles. After many centuries the weather, as a topic of conversation, acquired new features when the Signal Service was created. The new airship may further enrich it.

There has been a good deal of unseemly mirth over the fact that burglars broke into a restaurant on Park Row, the walls of which are adorned with texts from Scripture. Probably the evil-doers used the text "From him that hath shall be taken away." It would be easy for the proprietor to put on his walls a collection of texts that would really strike terror into the sinful heart, and they would give his establishment an even greater celebrity than it enjoys now.

The large hat is really at the theatre again. The comic papers continued to hurl their shafts of ridicule at it when it was temporarily out of fashion. Then it came back, and those who are devoted to it paid no attention whatever to the clamor of the humorists, cranks and many others who denounced it. This shows what a powerful position in the community is held by those who from time to time, with the mutations of fashion, are addicted to the wearing of large hats. The suppression of large hats is no light task like the forming of a city government. To sit behind a large hat at the theatre is no slight grievance, but the man who occupies that position too often gets no sympathy from the unprincipled man who sits beside it. To be behind the hat is one thing, and to enjoy the view beside the hat is another.

In these days of bitter weather it is well to remember that the Spring is not far distant, and to solace the heart with thoughts of lamb and mint sauce. The Spring, as is well known, is the season of the tender emotions, and there is no more suitable nourishment for them than young lamb. All the freshness and greenness of Spring are incarnated in the tender lamb, and mint sauce adds greatly to its beauty.

It might as well be admitted that the Earl of Dunraven has a talent for controversy, and that he is not easy to sit upon. When every American interested in sport was calling upon him to apologize for unfounded charges against American yachtsmen, he calmly made a public speech about the amicable relations existing between England and the United States, and ignored the clamor directed against himself. Then, when the high-spirited members of the New York Yacht Club proposed to expel him, he postponed the matter in such a way that it seems probable that he will neither have to apologize nor be expelled.

There appears to be one beautiful and admirable way of settling the servant-girl problem. That is by having Japanese girls. We have already gone as far as Finland in the search for domestics, and the supply of good ones is by no means sufficient. According to all accounts, the Japanese servants are 'deal. They understand the perfect rule of good service—how to be respectful and obedient without servility. They are honest and clean. They are also ornamental, which cannot be said of most of the races who seek domestic service. A Japanese maiden in native costume gliding about the house would be an animated object of art.

It is surprising to notice that gentlemen who are most courageous in their readiness for war with a foreign country are often nervous when under snowball fire from hostile small boys. If it is terrible to be hit by a hard snowball, they should reflect that a bullet is much worse.

The game of golf continues to flourish, weather permitting, in the vicinity of New York City. There is a new and pleasing device for the beginner, consisting of a club with a ball attached to it by a string. By means of it he can produce a phenomenon like a lighted Catherine wheel.

This is in a social way the gay season of the year. There have also been a few outlets for the high spirits of youth in the form of the French ball, the Arion ball and other events of that kind. But the cold hand of reform is on them. The population is on its good behavior. For ten years or more the city has been losing its wide-open exhibitions of wickedness. Many visitors who once came here are in consequence attracted to Chicago. A picture of a New Yorker elevated on a pedestal of virtue may be seen near here.

It is to be hoped that masked balls will not be suppressed as sinful, for if properly conducted they are enlivening, and give an opportunity for the exhibition of artistic taste. Some suggestions in the way of costumes are depicted here.